

Revolution requires reformation of thought. Once cracks appeared in foundational beliefs, old saints lost their influence at a shocking pace. We had become hardened to each other, doing the work of the Equipt for them by dividing ourselves in less worthy categories while they absconded with all of our fruits.

Blackmaskers and redhatters were proxy for professional sports that disbanded years earlier. We consumed riots on the networks and still cheered for our side but no one was making money from the diversion anymore. Everyone was a free agent.

Transition into another world requires being ejected from past. We felt it all around us, growing discomfort that was boulder-heavy and pushing down. The weight of all the past decisions and indecisions straining our collective backs until the choice was no longer ours. We had to accept this birth was happening.

The forceps pulling it along were hinged on social unrest - but sprinkle in Alpha-Gal and the drought and people started to get real squirrely. Planned outages lasted longer. Food shortages increased. Violence erupted in even the most retired locations. The Golden Rule was quickly overwritten with a rigid and grim outlook toward your neighbor.

Starting fresh requires abandonment and Gnashie always was on the cusp of leaving anyway, so when the Equipt began isolating themselves just before the signal came down we took our leave while we were still mobile. He let me come along, but I pretended it was more - that he needed me.

We drove the ION highway south but we never talked about how north to Canada would have been wiser and closer. Most with means (but not enough means to stock a silo) would head north. We had no people, no prospects, north. We had no people south either, really, but nostalgia compelled us that direction.